CORBETT'S FATHER KILLS WIFE AND HIMSELF.

Pugilist Almost Prostrated : by News of the Tragedy.

HE LEAVES ASBURY PARK.

Little Doubt That the Fight with McCoy Will Be Declared Off.

FATHER WAS PROBABLY INSANE. |

Corbett Children Say Their Parent's Mind Was Undoubtedly Affected. Had Lived Happily with His Wife,





PUGILIST CORBETT'S DEAD PARENTS. Patrick J. Corbett, father of the prize fighter, shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide at their home in San Francisco yesterday. There is little doubt that Mr. Corbett was insane at the time of the tragedy.

San Francisco, Aug. 16.—A shocking tragedy occurred at the home of James J. Corbett's parents, on Hayes street, this morning. Shortly before 5 o'clock Patrick

although he several times met reverses managed to recover his losses and at all times kept his large family well provided with the luxuries of life.

Interested in "Jim." J. Corbett, father of the pugilist, shot and killed his wife and then ended his own life.

Mr. Corbett, it is believed, was temporarily remonstrated but finding that his well-in-

Interested in "Jim."

lar. He was bitterly opposed to my fighting and did all in his power-to business and always maintained himself and family in good circum

thing he ever accepted from me were a few trifling gifts of various kinds. The story that his financial losses on the Carson battle affected his mind is a eruel canard, and I want my friends to know the truth.

My father always refused to take any of my winnings, and the only

New York, Aug. 16. Editor of New York Journal: I wish to emphatically deny the

statement circulated to the effect that my father lost a large amount of money on my contest with Fitzsimmons at Carson. My father never lost a dollar on any fight for the

A DENIAL.

CORBETT MAKES



MILLIONS FALL IN POOR MAN'S HAND

While He Walks in Despair the Good News Is Announced to Him.

HIS UNCLE'S BEQUEST

Recently Arrived from Buda Pesth, Gruenbaum Rises from Penury to Fortune.

HIS FRIEND IS HIS GUIDE.

An Old Revolutionist of Hungary, Made in Turin the Fortune That Rescues His Nephew from Starvation,

Mavro Gruenbaum had not at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon another shirt than the blue striped one which had been washed in the night for him by his good friend Schwartz. Gruenbaum had not a Summer coat, nor money, nor anything that costs money, nor anything else.

He was living at Schwartz's expense in a room not large enough even to contain one's true friends that are so limited in number. Schwartz was working, and Gruenbaum, in Schwartz's absence, did not know where to get the cup of coffee that every good Hungarian who respects himself must drink in the afternoon.

In the little room at No. 71 Second aveue, with Schwartz, Gruenbaum was sure of veal or beef seasoned with red pepper, out when Schwartz was not there, Gruen-

A Millionaire at Four. millionatre, a nabob, a Maharajah. He had millionatre, a nabob, a Maharajah. He had \$7.000,000 and a quantity of cents that he did not count. He could, if he wished, braid the tresses of his adventures with gold and pearls of Golconda. His eyes that had been sad were like stars, his teeth shone under his smiles as if he were ready to devour all the apples in Eden. His face had been interesting, it became handsome. He was tall, lithe, athletic. Everybody knew him, everybody offered coffee to him. Coffee! Why, he could get Tokny!

News Gently Broken.
"How would you like to be the heir of a rich uncle?" asked the casual acquaint-

a rich uncle?' asked the casual acquaintance breaking the news.
"Alas, I' have no American uncle,"
sighed Gruenbaum.
The casual acquaintance then displayed
a long letter written by Dr. Waldemar
Preber, a notariat or attorney, of Budabest. The good notariat said that Mavro
Gruenbaum's uncle had died at Turin, in
Italy, bequeathing to his two nephews
fifteen million dollars. The will was to be
admitted to probate next week, but where

Name Only a Memory.

FRIENDS OF PHIL DALY FEAR 'TIS "LAST CALL."



Daly is about sixty-five years old, and